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Adelaide Kemble

MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE, IN THE CHARACTER OF "NORMA."

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[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE,
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MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

WE do not wish the reader to consider the portrait upon the preceding page as one of a series of illustrations; but *per se*, as an impersonation of musical genius, rarely paralleled in any country of Europe; and, probably, not equalled in England within the recollection of the present generation. Every play-goer of the metropolis will, however, recollect the *debut* of Miss Adelaide Kemble, at Covent Garden Theatre, on Tuesday evening, the 2nd of November last. The character chosen was *Norma*, in Bellini's opera of that name; and, in her first air, Miss Kemble proved herself a *prima donna*. Her voice is of great compass, much power, rich quality, flexible, and perfectly under control. Her lower notes are strong and full; and the upper notes, particularly when subdued to express a soft sentiment, are clear and most melodious. There was no *fiorette*, no beautifully unmeaning ornaments; one long and thrilling shake being the only exception throughout the opera. Probably, no better summary of the general merits of Miss Kemble's style of singing has appeared than the following: "Little as we are enamoured of Bellini's music, it is our conviction that, in no character less striking than such an one as *Norma*, could Miss Kemble, in justice to herself, have presented her vocal graces and her dramatic gifts to that old friend of her family—the British public. For she is an artist in the highest sense of the term;—vocally taught, and trained in the grandest school of European singing, and dramatically expressing a noble and original conception, with a power in which grace, feeling, and absence of affectation, have each so large a share, that no plea for youth or inexperience need be urged by the most fastidious of her friends. Different tastes may affect different versions of the same character; but, from the first moment in which she converted an insipid *entrata* into a syllable hymn, to the last breathing of broken-hearted resignation,—it was felt that Miss Kemble was as completely *in* her part, musically and dramatically, and as completely animated the stage by her presence, as any among the glorious line of her predecessors. In two respects, her singing is admirable: in the utter absence of meretricious ornament, and in the quiet decision of its rhythm."

Miss Adelaide Kemble is the youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Kemble. She received her musical education—"a severe course of study,"—under Signor Bordogni, of Paris. She first sang in London, at a concert, in 1835; and in the same season, at the York Festival: thence Miss Kemble disappeared from the English public, journeyed to the continent, there studied with unsparing application, and in the autumn of 1838, made her histrionic *début* at the Teatro della Scala, Milan, with two exceptions, (at Parma and Naples,) the most spacious opera-house in Europe. Her success was instantaneous; and gathering fame, our accomplished singer visited Venice, Mantua, and Naples—all metropolitan cities in "the land of song;" her chief parts being in the operas of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Norma*, *Elena da Feltre*, *Gemma di Vergy*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Beatrice di Tenda*. On her return to England, Miss Kemble sang at the Polish *matinée*, at Stafford House, last season, and at a private concert; in the autumn, revisited Germany; and then returned to England, and first appeared upon our metropolitan stage, as already related.

From a brief notice in Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, for December last, accompanying a very striking portrait, we learn that Miss Kemble "is as fine a linguist in music as the most universal of her contemporaries. We have," continues the writer, "heard her applauded to the echo by the Rhinelanders for her singing of Schubert and

Beethoven. We believe that she possesses a *cahier* of French romances, which she can *say* as well as sing, with *finesse* enough to charm the fastidious ears of the Panseros and Adams, who compose such dainty ware; and we know that she can do worthy homage to Handel.—The oratorio-goers may look for the Miriam in her, and will not be disappointed."

Miss Kemble has since appeared in Mercadante's opera of *Elena Uberti*, with complete success. There is one trait in Miss Kemble's character, which has already beneficently shown itself on more than one occasion: we mean the cheerful readiness to lend her talent to the sacred cause of charity: this does her infinite honour; whilst "each purpose, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates the other without obscuring itself."

ELEGIAC EXPOSTULATION TO AN UNFORTUNATE TAILOR.

O thou whose visionary bills unpaid,
Long as thy measure, o'er my slumber stream;
Whose goose, hot hissing through the midnight shade,
Disturbs the transport of each softer dream!
Why do imaginary needles wound?
Why do thy shears cut short my fleeting joys?
Oh! why, emerging from thy hell profound,
The ghost of shreds and patches, awful rise?
Once more look up, nor droop thy hanging head;
The liberal linings of that breast unfold;
Be smiles, far brighter than thy buttons, spread;
And nobly scorn the vulgar lust of gold.
Though doom'd by Fortune, since remotest time,
No meaner coin of moderate date to use;
Lo! I can well reward with sterling rhyme,
Stamp'd by the sacred mintage of the Muse.
Why mourn thy folly, why deplore thy fate,
Why call on every power in sore dismay?
Thy warmest orisons, alas! are late:
Reflect—didst thou e'er know a poet pay?
Vain from thy shopboard the eternal sigh;
Vain thy devotions from that sable shrine:
Can guineas from the vacant pocket fly?
Can sorrow fill this empty purse of mine?
Ah me! so long with dire consumption pined,
When shall that purse ill omen'd proudly swell
Full as the sail that holds the favouring wind?
Mysterious ministers of Money, tell!
Fond man! while pausing o'er that gloomy page
That tells thee what thou art in terms too plain,
O'er the capacious ledger lose thy rage,
Nor of unsettled debts again be vain.
There lords and dukes and mighty princes lie,
Nor on them canst thou for prompt payment call.
Why starts the big drop in thine anguish'd eye?
One honest genuine bard is worth them all.
A common garment such as mortals wear
(Dull sons of clay, the ready price who give),
Thou mad'st, and lo! it lasted one short year;
But in my garment thou shalt ever live.
Time ne'er shall rip one consecrated seam
Of cloth, from Fancy's loom all superfine;
Nor shall I cruel haunt thy softer dream,
E'en when I dress thee in a suit divine.
Let sage philosophy thy soul inform
With strength heroic every ill to bear:
Not better broadcloth braves the angry storm;
And constant patience is delightful wear.
Be patient then, and wise, nor mealy shrink
Beneath Despondency's tumultuous blast:
The reckoning-day may come when least you think,
A joyful day, though miracles are pass'd.—DERMODY.

"A VOICE FROM THE COUNTING-HOUSE."

The general results of great mercantile operations are but very imperfectly appreciated by the fireside reader. "The rapidity of communication from point to point, has introduced such vast effects in the march of improvement among distant lands, as only eye-witnesses can believe. The merchant in London who lays on a vessel for a certain port, regards the affair as a mere mercantile speculation; but could he trace out the results he effects in their remotest ramifications, he would stand astonished at the changes he produces. With the wizard wand of commerce, he touches a lone and trackless forest; and at his bidding, cities arise, and the hum and dust of trade collect: away are swept ancient traces; antique laws and customs moulder into oblivion. The strongholds of murder and superstition are cleansed, and the gospel is preached among ignorant and savage men. The ruder languages disappear successively, and the tongue of England alone is heard around.

"Such are the ultimate effects of the daily occupations of many men in the City of London, who, seated in a dark and dingy counting-house, in pursuit of gain, form and execute schemes, the eventual tenor and bearing of which, are not to enrich themselves but the human race. No doubt, amongst the mass are noble minds, who have a perception of the true object of their calling, who feel a just and laudable pride, that they are the employers and benefactors of mankind; whose names, even amongst distant hordes of untaught men, pass current as a security for probity and honour; who write a few lines in *London, and move the antipodes*; who, within the last fifty years, have either actually erected or laid the stable foundation of six great empires, offsets of that strong nation, who, together with her progeny, is overspreading the earth; not by the sword, but by the gentle arts of peace and beneficence." (*Grey's Australia*.) Yet, these people, who have accomplished, and are at this moment effecting, more good for the human race than any nation of antiquity ever achieved, or even devised,—these people were once stigmatised by a reckless revolutionist,—as "a nation of shopkeepers!" Faugh!

GLEIM'S LYRICS:

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

AMONG the poets who flourished in Germany during the last and part of the present centuries, few have attained greater popularity than Johann Wilhelm Ludewig Gleim. Born at Ermsleben on the 2nd of April, 1719, he had the misfortune in early youth to be deprived of both his parents; his mother, who survived her husband but a few weeks, dying shortly after he had completed his tenth year. His education was first confided to two brothers, Eustace and Henry Schütze, teachers in the public school at Wernigerode: on the death of his last surviving parent he removed to Halle, where he formed an intimate friendship with Nikolaus Götz, a youth from Worms, who in his after life displayed great poetic talent.

In the early part of 1740, Gleim left Halle for Potsdam, where he was fortunate enough to obtain an appointment as tutor or secretary in the family of Colonel von Schulz, an officer in the royal body-guard. Here, by his amiable qualities and mild disposition, he won the hearts of all who knew him, and soon became considered more as a friend than a dependent. While at Potsdam, Gleim made acquaintance with the estimable Kleist, which speedily ripened into a close attachment, to be dissolved by death

alone. In 1744, Gleim followed Prince William, son of the Margrave of Schwedt, whom he attended in the capacity of secretary, in his march to Bohemia, whither he was sent by the King of Prussia. The army at length, commanded by Frederick in person, lay before Prague, where the Prince, while imprudently exposing himself too near the enemy, was killed by a cannon ball. This was a sad blow to Gleim: he for a long time refused all consolation, and persisted in returning with the corpse to Berlin; when the first visit he paid on his arrival, was to an old friend, named Lamprecht, whom to his extreme anguish he found also dead.

In the spring of 1750, Gleim went to Leipzig, where he became acquainted with many celebrated men, among whom were Klopstock, Gellert, and Schlegel: the first interview our author ever had with Klopstock, laid the foundation of a lasting intimacy. In after years, these two distinguished poets communicated to each other their most secret thoughts and wishes; and Gleim passed some of his happiest hours by his friend's fireside.

In 1753, our author awoke from a dream of love, in which he had long indulged: a girl named Mayer, living at Blankenburg, had encouraged his attentions for nearly a year in a spirit of coquetry, which the simple-minded Gleim was far from appreciating as it deserved. The blow was severe, but he recovered, mainly owing to the unceasing kindness of his old friend Kleist: henceforth he lived no more for love, but for friendship alone.

The commencement of the Seven Years' War in 1756, proved a glorious inspiration to his pen: Germany may thank Gleim for the best history of that desperate struggle: his martial lyrics in praise of Frederick, found an echo in every loyal breast. In October, 1756, he wrote the following:—

"War is my song! since all the world
Will fight, so let it be,
Be Berlin Sparta! and our King,
His be the victory!"

Again, the victory at Prague is thus celebrated:

"Victoria! with us is God,
The foe is down, hurrah!
He's down, for we've a friend in God,
He's down, Victoria!"

Of this song, his biographer has truly said: "It was no vain burst of enthusiasm, but a firm reliance on God and the king that inspired this strain."

On the 12th of August, 1759, the noble Kleist fell in the battle of Kunersdorf. Gleim heard with alarm that his own Kleist had been desperately wounded and taken prisoner by the Russians, and conveyed to Frankfort on the Oder. He hastened to Magdeburg, in order to afford his friend all the assistance in his power; but was there apprised by a lady in waiting on the queen, who was ignorant of his intimacy with the dead poet, that the death of Kleist was deplored by her majesty and by the whole court. Upon this he wrote thus to Lessing: "Oh, my dear Lessing, now do I feel Horace's *quid moror altera*!" Even his poetic spirit failed him here: his soul was deeply moved by the unexpected calamity, and he passed most of his time in the solitude of his garden, where he read again and again the letters he had formerly received from his departed friend. The following lines are the fruits of one of these mournful meditations:

"I think upon my Kleist; oh, lovely Philomel,
Thou sing'st in vain to me;
My heart's affliction thou canst not expel,
I hearken not to thee.

No Kleist is in the world; the world's too narrow for me,
Thy song charms not mine ear;
If now an angel came, and sang before me,
His strain I could not hear."

In 1772, Johannes Müller and Bürger were added to the list of our author's friends; both then were young, and students at the university of Göttingen. Three years later, Gleim beheld for the first time, Herder, with whom he had already maintained a regular correspondence since 1765. The judicious praise, which the youthful poet had so liberally bestowed on the war songs written in honour of the illustrious Frederick, had increased Gleim's wish to become personally known to him; alike in their warm, fanciful imaginations and noble feelings, it was natural that two such men should become more and more attached to each other at every succeeding interview.

In 1772, Gleim published a new collection of romances, and in 1783, his Epistles, both of which became extremely popular, and greatly increased their author's reputation. In September, 1786, died Frederick the Great, the king, the hero, the wise man, whose praise was ever Gleim's favourite theme. Shortly after, the poet himself fell dangerously ill, while on a travelling excursion; he despaired of recovery, and took leave of his friends with resignation. Cherished by the care and attention of all around him, he regained his health by degrees, and returned home. About this time, he became a witness of the horrible calamities that followed the French revolution: patriotism again inspired his pen, and his "Songs of a Prussian Soldier" were eagerly welcomed by his ardent countrymen. These stirring compositions in defence of the throne and institutions of Prussia, made him many enemies among those whose republican inclinations led them to desire the total subversion of monarchy. Regardless of the divided state of public feeling, he published a second collection, in which he no longer as before summoned his fellow-patriots to battle, but bade them take warning from the miseries of the "reign of terror," and rally round their monarch, and defend the prosperity of his kingdom. On the accession of Buonaparte, Gleim addressed a poem to the new emperor, dedicating it to the "exalted Napoleon at St. Cloud;" in this he spoke of the gallant achievements of the young warrior, and concluded with a hope that universal peace would once more be established throughout Europe.

Gleim was now an old man; and a severe illness destroyed his remaining vigour: at length, surrounded by his most intimate friends, he expired without apparent suffering, on the 18th of February, 1803. In person, the poet was about the middle size, strong limbed, and of a prepossessing mien. Even in extreme old age, his step was light and firm: his eye was full of expression, and overshadowed by long eye-brows. His voice was full and clear, and of agreeable sound; and the smile that perpetually played round his mouth told more than words could do of his kind and amiable disposition. In his conduct through life, Gleim was eminently sincere, hospitable, and a faithful friend: the trifling inconveniences beneath which less buoyant spirits often sink, were to him but the means of displaying his patient and cheerful qualities; he gloried in making all around him happy. Though he was never married, yet the presence of children was ever a source of unfeigned delight to him: on his birth-day he would invite the sons and daughters of his neighbours to pass the day at his house; and not unfrequently was the aged bard crowned with chaplets of flowers, woven by their tiny hands. It now remains for us to say a few words respecting his poetry, which after all may be rendered more intelligible by subjoining a few translated specimens, in order to show the variety of subjects that

have been illustrated by his fertile pen. His religious songs display the same warmth of imagination, though in most instances subdued and chastened by devotion, that characterises his other works: we have selected the following as an example:

Man is a Flower.

"The flower blooms and fades away,
In one brief mortal hour;
He who beholds its hue to-day,
With it to-morrow fades away,
What is Man but a flower!

And as the flower blooms again
When God fresh dew hath given,
Which, sparkling o'er the arid plain,
Sheds on the earth its pearly rain,
So Man will bloom in heaven."

His "Grenadier Songs" were hailed on their first appearance with universal enthusiasm, and they have ever since ranked among the highest of that order of compositions: the patriotic spirit breathed in every line found a ready echo in the hearts of all whom the love of their king and country inspired. The following is one of the most popular of the series:

Song on the King of Prussia's Birthday, 1778.

"Long live the King! No braver heart
Can Germany display;
Unrivalled in all warlike art
As in the deadly fray.
Long live the King! He is the one,
The only man on earth,
In whose first glance the soul is shown,
The spirit of his worth.
Long live the King! for he was ever
Victorious in the fight;
His gallant deeds were equalled never,
Men wondered at his might.
Long live the King! no pride has he,
No honour doth he claim;
With unassuming modesty
He wins the wreath of Fame.
Long live the King! Him may we call
A patriot indeed;
Prompt to relieve and succour all
In suffering and need.
Long may he live! long may we sing
His piety and worth;
Nor lose him, till as good a King
Shall fill his place on earth!"

But of all Gleim's poetry, nothing shows so clearly the natural bent of his imagination, and the playful hilarity of his disposition, as his Anacreontics and Lyrical Songs. These compositions, sufficient to exalt any writer's reputation, were in his case the more extraordinary, as being of so opposite a style to his previous works. Although I am aware that an unskilful version will scarcely convey the sense and elegance of the original author, I have nevertheless endeavoured, in the subjoined specimens, by carefully adhering to the metre, and as near as possible to the mode of expression, to give a faint idea of these pleasing poems. I hope, at least, by so doing, to stimulate some worthier and more able pen to a complete translation of his works, as I am convinced that they only require to be generally known in order to be as fully appreciated in England as in their native Germany.

Anacreon.

"Anacreon, my master
Sings but of Wine and Love,
He crowns his head with roses,
And sings of Wine and Love.

Selected by good fellows
To be the King of toppers,
He drinks with friendly mortals,
He jokes with merry spirits,
He sports with pretty maidens,
And sings of Wine and Love.
Should I, his faithful scholar
Of Hate and Water sing?

An Invalid's Sigh.

The doctor has forbidden wine,
Now that my shattered health is sinking;
Alas! well may my strength decline,
Inaspid water-drinking!

Ye gods, stand by and comfort me,
Grant that good wine may wholesome be;
Or at least make my sickness shorter,
And put some flavour in the water.

The Female Critics.

One summer's day I took my lyre,
And sang a lover's song;
Cried Doris, whom such themes inspire,
"Thy strain is not too long,
Thou lov'st not much, so soon to tire!"

I smiled, and took again my lyre,
And sang once more the song;
Cried Chloe, dull to lover's fire,
Thy strain is far too long,
Thou lov'st not much, my ears to tire!"

To Doris.

Two precious days are lost to me;
For I have not my Doris seen!
Though I have watched the rising morn
When its gold rays the sky adorn,
And gazed on Luna's silvery sheen,
All light to me has darkness been,
Two precious days are lost to me!

Ah! had I now those days again,
With her how joyous they would be!
To the bright morn we'd sing a strain,
And where I now alone complain
Her love would bless and comfort me;
Each moment would be ecstasy,
Ah! had I now those days again!"

A FOGGY MORNING.

Nor pleasureless the morn, when dismal fog
Rolls o'er the dewy plain, or thin mist drives;
When the lone timber's saturated branch
Drips freely, and with large redundant drop
The spread umbrella pelts, which the chill'd tooth
Screens, and o'er-canopies the languid lock.
Shorn of his glory, through the dim profound,
With melancholy aspect looks the orb
Of stifled day, and while he strives to pierce
And dissipate the slow reluctant gloom
Seems but a rayless globe, an autumn moon
That gilds opaque the purple zone of eve,
Nor yet distributes of her thrifty beam.
Lo! now he conquers; now subdued awhile,
Awhile subduing, the departed mist
Yields us a brighter beam, or darker clouds
His crimson disk obscure. Through the thin veil
Of his foul mantle reads the bard, well pleased,
A kindling glimpse of the pure azure field
Of heaven's unbounded champaign, and the hour
Of winter's noon serene with inward joy
Greets ere it bless his sight. To him who walks
Now in the sheltered mead, loud roars above
Among the naked branches of the elm,
Still freshening as the hurried cloud departs,
The strong Atlantic gale. Not louder falls

The foamy lasher's cataract superb
In fullest flood-time, when impatient Thames
Fights with the lock which chains him to his seat,
And strives to burst his manacles in vain.

HURDUS.

STRATHFIELDSAYE.

(From the *John Bull*, January 15, 1842.)

THERE are two country-houses—if by the term country house an armed fortress may be fitly described—to which, so soon as business, rather than the conventional usages of the world, set him free, the Duke of Wellington is in the habit of retiring, that he may relax both mind and body, and enjoy, as he heartily does, the society of his most intimate friends. One of these is the mansion of Strathfieldsaye, in Hants: the other, Walmer Castle, in Kent; the former belonging to the title, and as such hereditary in the family of Wellesley; the other being the official residence of Arthur, first Duke of Wellington, so long as he shall fill the situation, and discharge the duties of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. To Walmer Castle a certain degree of interest would attach, let its individual occupant be whom it might, because there are many historical associations connected with it. But Strathfieldsaye, though a fine place enough, would scarce attract much of the traveller's notice, were he not informed that it was the seat of the most illustrious man of his age. Let us, therefore, give of the real ducal residence a hasty sketch, which will be the more easily done that in features either marked or characteristic it happens to be peculiarly wanting.

Strathfieldsaye, originally the seat of the Earls Rivers, is situated upon one of the edges of the county of Berks; being distant from Reading about eight or ten miles, and from London not more than fifty. Your readiest means of access to it is by the South-western or Southampton railroad, which you may quit at Farnborough station; and as all sorts of conveyances are to be had there in abundance, a drive of an hour or an hour and a half, will carry you to the park paling, and by-and-by to one of the gates. Not much can be said of the fertility of the country, in the heart of which Strathfieldsaye is planted. On the London side, at least, there are many miles of waste, over which the heath waves in luxuriant crops, and multitudes of firs, most of them self-grown, are scattered; while the hamlets and detached cottages which, at wide intervals, break in upon the dreary scene, are precisely such as one would expect to see in a district imperfectly settled. Still, there are patches here and there of very pretty scenery too. You may fancy yourself travelling through a forest, from amid the openings in which you obtain glimpses of various well-wooded hills, almost all of them surmounted or adorned along the side, by a gentleman's seat. For besides the hospitable hall of Sir John Cope, and the residence of the good-humoured Speaker, there are several country houses gathered within what is considered a visitable distance of Strathfieldsaye; and most of these standing in situations at once elevated and conspicuous, the general effect is in some measure to counteract the impression which the more sterile nature of the land immediately about you, may have made.

Every thing in and around the family seat of the house of Wellington is unpretending in the extreme. You enter a park of not much more than moderate extent, by a common wooden gate, beside which stands a lodge absolutely unadorned. It is neither more nor less than a cottage, of which the walls are made of brick, while the roof is covered over with thatch, not of yesterday's fabrication. A long sweep of avenue is now before you, the view on either side of which exhibits no particular point of attraction, such as might compel you to stop short for the purpose of admiring it. The grounds have indeed a few slopes or falls, the most extensive of which ends in a sort of valley, through which runs the river Loddon, passing close in its onward progress to the mansion. The timber, too, is abundant, yet it is no wise conspicuous for its bulk. There are groves, thickets, and plantations of course; while inside the paling you find the ordinary garnishment of gnarled oaks and antique thorns. But no lover of the pictu-

resque and beautiful would ever think of quoting Strathfieldsaye, as justifying him in the preference which, as a general rule, he is bound to give to the seats of the English aristocracy, above those of all other aristocracies.

Along this road you drive, and by-and-by, in the remote distance, the house of the hero of a hundred battles becomes faintly visible. It lies very low—quite, or almost quite, upon a level with the river; indeed the stream is separated from the drawing-room windows only by a narrow slip of lawn and shrubbery. A clump of tall trees—if we mistake not, of the birch and ash kind—screens, and in some sort embowers it on the flank; and the consequence is, that never having obtained a very accurate survey, your view becomes more obscure in proportion as you approach. But as the distance from the park gate to the site of the mansion cannot exceed a mile, your postilion soon rattles you over that, and then speculation ends by an abrupt display of all that is to be seen.

The mansion house lying on the other side of the river, you cross a bridge, at the farther extremity of which the boughs of the beech grove overshadow you. Through that you pass rapidly, when a turn to the left brings you upon the commencement of the drive, which terminates in a broad gravel plat. You are now in front of the house. Look about you, and see what is there. The house itself, built in the reign of Queen Anne, partakes, both in its architecture and general arrangements, of the spirit of the age that produced it. Long and low, with very tall chimneys, its whitened walls and grey slate roof lack the dignity of the Elizabethan era, without putting on the air of spruceness mixed with comfort, which characterises the generality of more modern edifices. It presents two rows of windows, which stretch at measured distances all along its front. The hall door, graced on either side by pillars, and covered by a flat roof of trifling breadth, occupies the centre of the pile; and there are little wings, which differ only from the main body of the edifice in being by one story lower. But it is not from the somewhat unattractive form of the mansion, that you are enabled at a glance to fix the date of its construction. Facing the entrance, and separated from it only by a road, which measures perhaps one hundred or a hundred and twenty feet in breadth, are the stables, which, with the groom's apartments, the kennel, tennis court, and one or two out-buildings besides, make up a sort of village, or rather street, of themselves. All this is completely in the French taste of the day, when Marlborough was running a career the glory of which Wellington has since surpassed. You feel at once that the place ought to be inhabited by the contemporaries of Harley and Dean Swift.

When you have passed the threshold you enter upon a hall—oblong and somewhat low in the roof—which is paved with flat freestone, and warmed by a fire which burns cheerily in an old fashioned English grate. The hall is well closed in; but the further door being opened you find yourself in a narrow passage, which runs the entire length of the mansion, and gives the means of ingress to the suite of public rooms which occupy the basement story. These consist of a drawing-room, library, dining-room, and the duke's own room, all opening one into the other, and in their general shapes all perfectly agreeing. They are such as one would expect to see hung round with paintings, being somewhat narrow, for their length, and otherwise present the appearance of a continuous gallery. The furniture is as plain as can at all agree with perfect elegance. Not a single work of art adorns the apartments, except, indeed, that the dining-room, besides being traversed by pillars, has its walls covered over with very curious engravings. But neither the painter nor the sculptor has been employed to adorn an edifice, on which it is easy to perceive that the owner has never cared to bestow too much attention. Every thing, therefore, about it is good, and substantial, and comfortable of its kind; but you look in vain for the splendour which greets you at every step in Blenheim; you are still in the dwelling of the Rivers', not in the palace of a Wellington.

The library, which is an excellent room, contains a tolerably extensive collection of books. They are chiefly modern, as may be supposed, and not a few consist of copies of works which the authors, the natives of every country in Europe,

have felt themselves honoured by being permitted to present to the most illustrious of living men.

To the sleeping apartments the same description applies, by which we have endeavoured to bring into the reader's mind some idea of the living rooms. They are all good—some being in point of size larger, and others less; and they are every where furnished with a becoming regard both to convenience and good taste, but this is all. You enter them from a corridor which runs the whole length of the building, and to which two or three different staircases, none of them ornamental, conduct from the basement story. It may not, perhaps, be out of place to state, that the apartment which used to serve as the nursery, when the Marquess of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley were children, looks out upon the gravel drive in front of the house, and has its windows down to the floor; two circumstances to which the duke, when his friends get him upon topics purely domestic, has been known thus to allude. It seems, that returning home one day from hunting, his Grace saw the two boys thrust themselves so far over the window to greet him, that even he felt nervous for the issue. He did not, however, say one word which might have either startled or agitated them; but dismounted, walked in, and sat down in his chair. "Well," was his remark, when the nurse brought the boys down, "I never knew, before to-day, why the nursery was placed there. But I see now that you have chosen the room from which the boys may most conveniently break their necks, if they be so inclined."

The grounds about Strathfieldsaye are neat, and the walk upon the lawn, which interposes between the house and the river, is very pretty. So is the tortuous path which leads through the shrubbery; but here, as well as elsewhere, there is a total absence of all pretension. The same thing may be said of the stables and coach-houses; all of which do their duty well, though they are all barren of ornament. The tennis-court, also, though an excellent one, is as little assuming as need be; and of the gardens no more can be said, than that they are well kept, and abundantly productive. It is, however, characteristic of the high-minded owner of the soil, that within a few minutes' walk of the house, stands the parish church; a neat and simple edifice, which was repaired within these fifteen years by the duke; and fitted up, both within and without, with equal taste and modesty. Neither has his Grace been unmindful of the wants of the incumbent. We rather think that the parsonage house, which is not more than fifteen years old, was rebuilt in like manner entirely at the duke's expense; but however this may be, we know, that long before the passing of the Tithe Commutation Bill, his Grace provided that in his parish, no grievance of tithe should be felt. Owning all the property, he paid out of his own pocket an ample stipend to the incumbent, and thus left his tenants free to reap the advantages of any improvements in agriculture which they might introduce.

At Strathfieldsaye the Duke of Wellington is not able entirely to divest himself of his public character. As Lord-lieutenant of the county he is open to the innumerable claims upon his time of county business; and he makes a point of being at home to entertain the Judges, as often as they pass on the circuit towards his neighbourhood. It is here, too, more than at Walmer Castle, that he receives the visits which royalty occasionally pays him. Here he entertained, in other times, George the Fourth. Here King William and Queen Adelaide have spent some pleasant days; and here, unless public rumour be an idle babbler, Queen Victoria and her princely husband may in like manner be expected, sooner or later, to become his guests. When such matters do not interfere with his purely domestic arrangements, the habits of the noble duke at Strathfieldsaye, are quiet, unostentatious, and philosophic. He breakfasts, with his company, at ten; retires to his own room afterwards; devotes several hours to his endless correspondence, except on hunting days, and goes out, either to ride or to walk, about two. Seven is his dinner hour; and often after tea he forms one at a quiet rubber of whist, when the stakes played for never exceed five-shilling points.

The estate of Strathfieldsaye was purchased for the preserver of his country, out of a sum of money voted to him by Parliament, in 1815. We do not exactly know to what its

yearly value may amount; but there is a fact connected with it, which deserves to be put upon record, and we therefore state it. Not one shilling of the rental has the Duke of Wellington ever expended, except upon the improvement of the property. He neither lays by so much a year in the funds, nor does he consider himself entitled to devote the money derived from it to his own uses. "I am a rich man," is his argument, "which the next Duke of Wellington will not be. I am, therefore, determined that he shall receive his patrimony in the very best order; and if he cannot keep it so, the fault will not be mine." The consequence is, that go where you may, whether far or near, you will nowhere see a body of tenantry better lodged, better provided with offices, better supplied with all manner of conveniences for the prosecution of their calling, than those which call the Duke of Wellington their landlord. And though the land be not, perhaps, the best that England can produce, it is every where in the highest state of cultivation of which it is susceptible. As a matter of course, the duke's tenants are exceedingly well pleased with their lot; indeed, a more popular man than he, among all classes of his neighbours, it would be hard to find.

Strathfieldsaye used to be famous for the quantities of game in its preserves. Latterly the game has been somewhat neglected, and the consequence is, that the shooting is not now what we remember it. But you may still get a capital day's amusement, if you do not mind walking for it; and no true sportsman grudges a little strain upon his limbs. There are, besides, hounds in the neighbourhood, to which his Grace subscribes, and of which he used to be a determined follower. He still rides out with them occasionally, and is never seen without winning from high and low marks of the most affectionate reverence. But, alas! alas! upon him, not less than upon other sublimity things, time will exert its influence; and although the noble mind remains perfect as it ever was, the iron frame is yielding, by slow degrees indeed (may they be ever such!)—to decay. The Duke is a wonderful man to have spent threescore years and ten as he has spent them; but we doubt whether he could now ride twenty five miles to cover—hunt, ride home, and afterwards travel to London, without experiencing a moment's inconvenience from the exertion. Yet we remember his doing this just ten years ago.

AGATHA LATOUR.

A TRADITION OF ST. GILES'S HILL, NEAR WINCHESTER.

In a fertile valley of Bourdeaux, within a distant prospect of the city so named, and sloping towards the rapid waters of the Garonne, stood an ancient chateau, formerly a favourite resort of the reigning monarchs of France. For what reason it might happen that the gorgeous train of former days was now succeeded by rare and cautious visits of his majesty in solitude and silence, curiosity was not idle in conjecturing. Few, indeed, could doubt that the present inhabitants of the castle, a princely dame of mellow years, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, were the chief objects of his journey, as they evidently were, during his brief sojourn, of his solicitude and regard. But Louis was not the only visitor by stealth in this quarter; and if the mother enjoyed the flatteries of a monarch, the daughter had won the love of a younger, and scarcely less noble, admirer.

It was during a few days' excursion from her parent's roof, that the intelligence of that appalling insurrection, the effects of which for so many years deluged the whole country in blood, first issued from the streets of Bourdeaux into every town and village of the district. If, in the agitation of those fearful days, Agatha was persuaded to listen with more than wonted freedom to professions which guaranteed to herself and her mother's house their best hopes of protection, she calculated as fondly and as fatally as others did, upon the observance due from a tumultuous rabble to a soldier and a knight. She returned to implore forgiveness of her parent, and to offer the safeguard she

now possessed: what, then, were her astonishment and grief, to find her home already desolate! All, who could boast the remotest connexion with royalty, had been dispersed in an instant throughout the prisons of the metropolis, and many had forfeited their lives, ere this, to the honour of so frail a distinction. That very night, also, the husband was placed under arrest, and removed in chains to Paris: Agatha was left alone to ponder on the probable destiny of the only beings she had ever been taught to love. Relations she had none beside, or she knew of none whom she could positively so denominate; and she accepted with less scruples the offer of an old lady, her mother's usual companion and counsellor, to procure her admission, till the tyranny of the insurgents should be overpast, into a Catholic asylum of celebrity near the western coast of England.

The city of Winchester, it is well known, became a notorious resort of French refugees, and more particularly of the priesthood, during the early part of their great revolution. Common, however, as the appearance of strangers in every street might have become, there was one among them whose manly deportment threw an irresistible interest over the mysterious secrecy of his name and character. He appeared but seldom in the town, avoided every overture at conversation, and lived—nobody could imagine how or where. Nevertheless, he was believed to be of royal blood,—perhaps a Parisian prince incognito, or at least a younger brother of Tippoo Saib.

It was shortly after this period in our history, that strange rumours and surmises arose of recent transactions in the establishment alluded to above; circumstances were said to have transpired, imperatively demanding from the lady abbess the formal dismissal of a fair nun lately consigned to her superintendence. The object of these proceedings report had been bold enough to identify with a young lady, whose appearance occasionally attracted, spite of every effort to avoid, attention, among the strollers along the lofty ridge at the eastern confines of the city. A distant and momentary glance was all that ever recompensed the most courageous curiosity; and the young lady might have been an old woman, for all that any one could advance to the contrary, but that she and the young gentleman aforesaid were evidently connected in the same chain of events.

On the summit of "that white cliff which overhangs the city, and once formed part of it," stood, in days of yore, the ancient chapel of St. Giles; though not a vestige of it now remains, except the churchyard, which is still used as a place of interment. Over this hill, on a tempestuous November evening, an elderly gentleman, muffled against other intruders besides wind and rain, was spurring his jaded steed towards the burial-ground. "And to think now," he muttered as he rode, "that I should be torn in my old age from house and home, brought into a strange country and to a strange people, benighted in a November hurricane, and all to please an imp of an outlawed pupil! I, who have eaten and drunk in kings' palaces, physician ordinary and extraordinary to a line of princes, lost in search of a hovel, and my boy's lady, maybe, dying the while! Ha! a light! who speaks? am I so near after all?" "Come in," said a low voice, betwixt anguish and anger; "Come in, sir; it is over." The old gentleman tied his horse to a yew-tree, and entered the cottage; where, still and pale as a statue from the sculptor's chisel, lay the lifeless body of Agatha Latour. "Was it so long a journey," asked the youth in a tone of mournful remembrance, "was it so long, when the wide seas were once crossed, that you could not visit us an hour earlier? She might have lived,—yet I will not say that my oldest friend and guardian lost her to me, when he might have saved her."

At any other moment the old man would have wept under the keenness of this address; but as he stood beside the bed, and gazed upon the form before him, his eyes straining from their sockets, his chest heaving with oppression, and his knees almost bowing under their burthen, the evidences of stronger emotion than regret demanded a hand of support rather than of reconciliation. "Whom hast thou brought me hither to behold?" he at length demanded. "Who is yonder victim, thou unhappy boy?" "She was—"

"Thy wife, thou wouldst say. Am I to be cheated by lowliness of garb, or a straw-roofed hovel? Or is it possible thou knowest not thyself the jewel thou hast worn, and that she whom thy love hath degraded thus low, was born a Bourbon, a scion of the throne of France?"

The condition of that infatuated republic afforded but little opportunity for inquiring the fate of a natural daughter of its murdered monarch; and Agatha is believed to this day to have fallen in the promiscuous slaughter of the guillotine, or to have lingered in one of the confederacy's innumerable dungeons.

In the cemetery of St. Giles she now reposes; and by her side, an infant's grave records the source of all her sufferings, from her marriage to her death.

HYPNOLOGY; OR SLEEP AT WILL.

(Letter from an accomplished Authoress to the Editor.)

"Macbeth hath murdered sleep!"—"the innocent sleep."

We all know that many things in this busy world are not less deadly than the Scottish thane; that care and knowledge, utility and anxiety, are equally wicked in action, whatever they may be in intention; and that if not positively destroyed, the "innocent sleep" is at least cruelly banished from many a downy pillow. A pleasant poet, Albert, (in the *Literary World*), assures us "that science has put the fairies to flight;" and many an aching head well knows that "tired nature's sweet restorer," has shared in their travels in consequence of the same prescription.

I presume to address you on this subject, partly to solicit information, and partly to communicate it. I inquire what has been known in days past of Hypnology, it being one of the "ologies" of which as Morton's "Education" says, I am ignorant enough? Nevertheless, I may add that I have been introduced to a Professor now in London, (Mr. Gardner,) a most gentlemanly and agreeable person, whose table was literally covered with letters from members of parliament, medical men, and ladies of rank and fortune, acknowledging the benefit derived from his system—a system by which it appears, sleep is procured without any medical help whatever; and, what Montgomery calls "the demon of unrest," exorcised, not morphinized, into sweet oblivion.

If such a blessing is indeed offered to the world, at a time when, probably, it is more required than in any previous age, since human ingenuity is now taxing itself to the utmost, and must in some respects pay the penalty of suffering in proportion to its exertions—surely it becomes all whom it may concern, to inquire eagerly, (although they may receive cautiously,) the means of relief in a point of so much moment. At a time when the attention of the public has been called upon by the opium question in China, to consider the baneful effects of all deleterious potions on the reason, and eventually the lives, of our fellow-creatures, we are especially enjoined to look gratefully towards any revived or invented science, faculty, or mechanical device, whereby the gentle solace, the invigorating influence of sleep, can be insured—*sleep*, genuine,

natural, undrugged, and uncompelled, though not uninvited.

Amongst the multitudes that people the metropolis, how many tens of thousands, of all grades and conditions, must exist, whose very merits render them liable to that irritable temperament, generally denominated nervous affection; and which is so closely allied to superior mind, as to seem the proof of its possession. Where lives the poet that does not press a sleepless pillow? where the mathematician whose brain is not busy when it ought to be "steeped in forgetfulness?" or the artist whose vivid imagination is not awake when nature requires him to be asleep? Must not the man of science toil when he should rest—the merchant continue solicitude through the night, whose fears for his distant "argosies" have been awakened in the day? I say nothing of the children of sorrow, of the many who combine mental toil with painful retrospect, poor scholars, daily governesses, casual authors; how innumerable, how melancholy, is the catalogue of those who rise to labour and lie down to mourn—whose sensibility serves to whet the arrow which wounds them, and whose retrospections place in higher relief, the indignities they have endured, the disappointments they have experienced, the new difficulties which the morrow must encounter.

Now if they could sleep, all would be well with them: health, real, strong, honest health, which makes the eye sparkle, the step buoyant, and the breakfast welcome; would be the boon of that blessed forgetfulness, that six hours' actual repose which nature requires; and this is the gift, the art, offered by the Hypnologist.

That many amongst the educated and investigating portion of the society have derived benefit, (as I before mentioned,) admits no doubt. In one instance, a man of rank, who had devoted himself to pursuits of a scientific nature, declares, "that he had lost his sleep for fourteen years, and that he can now sleep at will;" another who had been deprived of rest by late attendance in the House of Commons, was not only recovered by it, but found the powers of his mind so re-established, that he can now speak freely in public, which was previously impossible to him. I have, however, neither time nor memory, nor right, to intrude on your pages with such recapitulation of facts; all I desire is to draw the attention of the afflicted in this case, to a mode of cure, which if it fail, cannot possibly injure them; and if it succeed, is invaluable.

To the young and the happy, the plodding and the sleeping, (those most enviable of created beings,) these observations are not addressed; but in your large circle there must be many readers who will thoroughly comprehend the writer, when speaking of the miseries of restlessness, the turnings and shiftings of a weary body and wandering anxious mind, vainly endeavouring to find one place of rest, or one subject of soothing recollection. Alternate fevers and agues, vexatious memories, subjects that irritate and annoy, or which if worthy of cogitation, should not disturb you now, rise up "like a legion of foul fiends" to torment you; and it is not the least part of the evil that you dread being worn out when you ought to rise, and losing the sound of the only clock you have not failed to count through the live-long night.

Call not these the minor ills of life, for they are expressly those which involve its best hours in gloom; since the whole day fails to cure the languishing listlessness, the feverish solicitude, the curbed and stunted powers of the mind, which inevitably follow. The man who is "wide awake" is twice a man, when compared with one whose dreamy existence vacillates between two worlds, and is unfit for either. Sleeplessness is a disease akin to delirium, it calls "spirits from the vasty deep" that

become vampires, and feed on the life-blood of their victim; and to allay its infictions, the maddening bowl and the opiate poison are the general refuge. Who would not seek for aid, that still retains the power of reason, against an infirmity which so cruelly "leads us into temptation," and punishes us for falling? If there be help in the Hypnologist, let us seek it earnestly and gratefully; for he promises that nothing less than violent fever or acute pain shall prevent us from enjoying refreshing sleep, (and they are legitimate murderers of the innocent sleep, not less than the conscience of Macbeth :) sincere sympathy, and I trust true philanthropy, alone suggest my desire that the art in question should be examined and applied; and that a gentleman who was kindly received by the savans at Newcastle, should be properly appreciated by us.

B. H.

THE CAFÉ DE FOY, AT PARIS.

MADAME Jousserand, the widow of the founder of the Café de Foy, in the Palais Royal, died a short time ago, at the age of eighty-eight, leaving a fortune of 500,000 francs. This café is one of the oldest under the arcades of the Palais Royal, and is as celebrated in Europe as the Palais itself. For sixty years, it disputed the palm of notoriety with the Café de la Rotonde, and with the Café Valois, lately closed. Since Madame Jousserand left it, the Café de Foy has made *millionnaires* of her successors, Lenoir and his son-in-law, and M. Lemaitre; and its present proprietor, M. Questel, is now realizing a similar fortune. Like all the old cafés, the Café de Foy has had its celebrated characters. Here for thirty years, lived Arnaud Baculard, upon the Petits Ecus, which no provincial could refuse to the author of the *Epreuves du Sentiment* and the *Count de Comminges*. Here the old Marquis de Ximenes lounged day after day, from table to table, hunting up every journal, and relating to all comers the history of his tragedies. The poet Lebrun, who with complacency heard himself called Pindar, came every evening, resting on the arm of his old cook, transformed into Antigone, to take his cup of coffee. An original, named Martin, full of quaint wit and caustic humour, which acquired for him the appellation of "Martin the Cynic," took here every morning his cup of chocolate, uttering his keen satires, which spread through the city, and contributed largely to the fame and profit of the establishment. Martin, who was always pointed out as a curiosity, was one day so unusually annoyed by the stare of a countryman, that the Cynic went up to him, and abruptly asked him why he stared at him so? The countryman, abashed, could only reply, "Why, Sir, surely a dog may look at a bishop!" "And who told you that I was a bishop?" was Martin's reply, turning immediately away. In our enumeration of visitors to the Café de Foy, Carle Vernet must not be omitted. For more than thirty years, he came here to finish his evenings, after being at the theatres, taking his bowl of punch, and seasoning every glass with, at least, a dozen of *calembourgs*, (puns.) Vernet sat enthroned till two in the morning, surrounded by a company of artists, who were his friends, men of letters, and men of the world, gossiping as freely as in a private drawing-room, from the time that the doors were shut against the public. The members of this academy of mirth and good fellowship were Barré, the Director of the Vaudeville; Cellier, the architect; Thevenet, the painter; Ravrio, the bronzist; Sourais, one of the Emperor's equerries; M. de Gonfaut, and others, who were intimates of Carle and his son Horace Vernet, who never failed to come and meet his father. It was on one of these joyous nights, when some men were repainting the room, that Horace Vernet,

whilst his father was letting off his puns, seized a brush from one of the painters, and mounting the stove, painted on the ceiling the portrait of a swallow, the bird of good omen, which still remains there, after a lapse of thirty years; each successive proprietor preserving it with religious care, fully convinced that it brings good luck upon the house. The Café de Foy has still its eccentrics. Among them is a waiter with lungs so powerful, that he can make his "*Versez*" heard from the Perron of the Palais Royal to the Rue St. Honoré. He enjoys the *sobriquet* of Lablache, but his sonorous C has not brought him as much profit as that of Daprez.—*Quotidienne*; translated in the *Times*.

THE PARRICIDE.

A SKETCH, BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

It was a cold, comfortless December night, and the snow fell in large flakes around, as a single traveller, muffled in an ample riding-cloak, and completely defended from the inclemency of the weather, stopped his horse before the door of a roadside country inn, and descending from his saddle, passed through the rustic portico. Finding that there was sufficient accommodation for himself and his horse for the night, he gave his orders, and, being shown into a snug parlour, in which a large wood fire was blazing and crackling merrily, he bestowed himself in a chair by the side of the hearth, patiently to await the appearance of his supper. The roadside inn, with its low tiled roof, its wide door-way, and old-fashioned bow-windows, through which the cheering light of its blazing fires is reflected, and invites the cold and weary wayfarer to enter and partake of its luxuries, is one of the principal comforts peculiar to our English mode of travelling. How dull and insipid would be a stage-coach journey, at night especially, were it not for the anticipation of a comfortable inn at the conclusion of each stage; where one can descend and warm himself by the fire, and enjoy a little cheerful conversation with his fellow-passengers, until the unwelcome summons of the guard recalls him to his journey and the cold night air. Such were the reflections that were passing in our traveller's mind when the host disturbed his reverie by entering the room and inquiring the latest news in London.

"Well, sir," said the landlord, as soon as his guest had concluded his version of the last battle with the French, in which he made use of the privilege that a traveller invariably enjoys, of illustrating and embellishing his intelligence with sundry additions of his own, "Well, sir, and have you met with anything particular on the road?—no highwaymen or footpads, I hope."

"No," replied the traveller, "I have met no living robbers, but I believe I passed a dead one."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed the host.

"Yes; he was hanging on a gibbet, at the entrance to the heath."

"Ah," replied the landlord, mournfully, "that is poor Tom Kenton's body;—as honest a lad as could be, until misery and disgrace drove him to desperation. He was the only son of his parents, so you may guess they were very fond of him; and they had good reason to be so too, for a finer fellow didn't live, far or near. And he was such a good son to the worthy couple, bringing home his week's wages, and sharing it with them so cheerfully; spending his evenings at home, and enjoying his pipe and his beer after the day's work, as happy as a prince. Ah, little did they think, as they lived so comfortably in their snug cottage, that, in a few months his bones would be bleaching in the cold and rain; and little, too, did they think that their mild and gentle Thomas would ever shed

the blood of a fellow-creature, and die the death of a murderer. Well, sir, the Kentons lived in comfort till about a year ago, when the old man was taken with the typhus fever. Still they did not despair, but thanked God that though the father was laid up, the son was able to earn enough to support them. Poor things! Even this consolation was soon denied them; and, in a few days, poor Tom had caught the fever, and was confined to his bed. The little money that they had saved up, soon began to diminish, and distress and poverty stared them in the face. At last, their money was all gone,—they were turned out of their little cottage, and obliged to go to the workhouse. For three weeks, poor Tom lay delirious; though, the fourth week, he got gradually better, and as soon as he had picked up a little strength, he went out to try and get some work. But his old master was not in want of hands at present, and after wandering about all day without success, he was compelled to return at night, tired and disheartened. Tom was a lad of spirit, and he could not bear the thought of living in a workhouse. All the night was he pondering over schemes for getting some employment, but he could determine on none; and, in an unlucky hour, he listened to the persuasions of a gang of poachers to join them in their robberies. One crime led to another, till at last poor Tom did that which he would once have shuddered at;—he resolved to run all hazards, and get a little money, let the consequences be what they might; so, the next evening, having armed himself with a heavy bludgeon, he stationed himself by the side of the high road, with the determination of robbing the first passer-by. He had not waited many minutes when he heard the sound of footsteps, and he knelt down behind the hedge for fear of being seen. The night was very dark, and although he strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the comer, he could see nothing. The noise, however, grew louder, and at last it sounded by his side. But his heart failed him, and just as he was about to strike, his arm seemed to lose its strength, and he dropped his bludgeon. The man started, and Tom, finding himself discovered, raised his arm and struck at him. The blow was a heavy one, and the man was stunned; but while Tom was rifling his pockets, he recovered, and grappled with him. Poor Kenton, in his despair, again seized his bludgeon, and dealt him another blow. The poor fellow groaned; and then, though Tom listened eagerly, he could not hear him breathe. I cannot say what the poor boy did when he discovered that he was a murderer; all I know is, that in the middle of the night, he returned home laughing wildly, and crying out that he had killed his father. He was quite frantic, and they were obliged to put a strait waistcoat on him to prevent his doing himself a mischief. For several hours he lay screaming and struggling, and declaring that he could see his father standing by his bed, and shaking his fist at him. At last, he came to his senses again, and he then told the people who were round him that he had murdered a man, and that as he tried to hide the corpse in the thicket, he had found that it was his father. He then took them to the spot, and there, exactly as he had said, was the body of the poor old man, all bruised and bloody. The news soon reached the constable's ears, and Tom was taken up, examined, and sent for trial. The sessions were on at the time, so the trial came on almost directly; and, as Tom confessed to the crime, it was soon over, and he was sentenced to be hanged. His friends tried all they could to get him pardoned;—they sent petitions to the king, and even the mayor himself went up with one to London, but it was of no use. "Poor boy!" added the worthy host, dashing the back of his hand across his eyes, "there wasn't an eye in the village that was dry on the morning of the execution."

"Poor fellow!" cried the traveller; "and," he inquired, after a pause, "what became of his mother?"

"Ah, poor old lady!" replied the land-ord, "she took on so about it, that she died of a broken heart the day before."

MEMOIR OF THE LATE SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A.

(Abridged from the *Gentleman's Magazine*.)

FRANCIS LIGGITT CHANTREY was born on the 7th of April, and baptized on the 27th May, 1781, at Norton, a pleasant village about four miles south of Sheffield. Within the last forty years, there stood on the lawn of Norton House, the ruins of an ancient *Chantry*, from which it was at one time assumed that the surname of the sculptor's family had been originally derived. It is certain that his ancestors had been long settled in and about Norton, the name being of early and frequent occurrence in the church register. Their rank in life was humble: one of them was a huntsman, in connexion with the family at Norton Hall. The father of Chantrey was a carpenter, who also rented and cultivated a few fields, besides which he owned some land at a distance. The farm cottage (Jordan Thorpe,) in which the sculptor was born, still exists, although greatly modified; as does also the "Village School," at which he learnt to read and write. His father died when he was eight years old, and his mother married again. Of the earliest development of that presentiment of genius towards sculpture, which it has pleased various biographers to attribute to young Chantrey, several accounts have appeared. That he at one period brought milk from Norton to Sheffield, in barrels on an ass, is certain; though it has been added, he not only lingered on the road to form grotesque figures of the yellow clay, but moulded his mother's butter, on churning days, into resemblances of various objects, to the great admiration of the dairymaid! He was placed a short time with Mr. Ebenezer Birks, in Sheffield, with the intention of his becoming a grocer. It was doubtless while he was in this situation that his attention was first strongly attracted to the shop window of a respectable carver and gilder named Ramsey, to whom, at his own request, he was apprenticed. At this time, Mr. John Raphael Smith, mezzotint-engraver and portrait painter, visited Sheffield, in his profession as an artist, and being occasionally at the house of Mr. Ramsey, Chantrey's devotion to the study and practice of drawing and modelling did not escape his observation. He was the first to perceive and appreciate his genius; he took pleasure in giving him instruction, and some years afterwards the pupil, when he had become a proficient in art, perpetuated the recollection of his master in one of the finest busts that ever came from his hands. There also came to the town a statuary of some talent, who taught him as much as he himself knew of the manual and technical arts of modelling and carving in stone. This instruction, such as it was, the young sculptor turned to good account; while, at the same time, he no less zealously cultivated the sister art of painting. The whole of his leisure hours were devoted to his favourite studies, and chiefly passed in a lonely room in the neighbourhood of his master's, which he hired at the rate of a few pence weekly. Chantrey separated from Ramsey before the expiration of his apprenticeship, making a compensation for the remainder of his term. He visited London, and attended the school at the Royal Academy, but was never regularly admitted as a student.

In April, 1802, when only 20 years of age, Chantrey advertised in Sheffield to take portraits in crayons; as in Oct. 1804, he announced that he had "commenced taking models from the life." Several specimens of his talent, both in chalk and in oil, remain in the town; most of them rather prized for the subsequent celebrity of the artist, than as striking likenesses.

Several years afterwards, when, having improved himself at the Royal Academy, he returned to Sheffield, he modelled four busts of well-known characters there, as large as life. These were such masterly performances, that when it was resolved to erect a monument to the memory of the Rev. James Wilkin-son, and Chantrey, (though he had never yet lifted a chisel to

marble,) had the courage to become a candidate for the commission, it was readily entrusted to him by the committee. Having employed a marble-mason to rough-hew the bust, he commenced the task, which was successfully achieved; and this very interesting work may now be seen in Sheffield church. Sheffield possesses two or three other mural monuments from his hand. On the door of Sheaf House is also a small bas-relievo of his very earliest modelling.

His first exhibited work on the walls of the Royal Academy was in 1804, when he sent for exhibition a "Portrait of D. Wale, esq." He was then residing at No. 7, Chapel-street West, Mayfair. In 1805, he was living at 22, Vine-street, Piccadilly, and exhibited at the Academy, in that year, three busts. In 1806, he lived in Charles-street, St. James's, and exhibited a bust of Bigland, the essayist. In 1808, when at 24, Curzon-street, Mayfair, he exhibited a colossal bust of Satan, still in his studio, and never executed in marble; and in 1809, he received his first order, from Mr. Alexander, the architect, for four colossal busts, of Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson, for the Trinity House, and for the Greenwich Naval Asylum. In 1809, he married, at Twickenham church, his cousin, Miss Mary Ann Wale, the present Lady Chantrey. He now removed to Eccleston-street, Pimlico, a place he never left.

In 1810, he executed a bust of Mr. Pitt, for the Trinity House. But the year 1811 was that in which he may be said to have fairly commenced his career of fame and fortune. He had six busts in that year's Exhibition: 1. Horne Tooke; 2. Sir Francis Burdett; 3. J. R. Smith; 4. Benjamin West, P. R. A.; 5. Admiral Duckworth; 6. William Baker, esq. Those of Horne Tooke and Raphael Smith are among the best of his busts. Of one of them Nollekens expressed his great admiration. He lifted it from the floor—set it before him—moved his head to and fro, and having satisfied himself of its excellence, turned round to those who were arranging the works for exhibition, and said: "There's a fine, a very fine bust; let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts, and put this one in its place, for it well deserves it." Often afterwards, when desired to model a bust, the same excellent judge would say, in his most persuasive manner: "Go to Chantrey, he is the man for a bust—he'll make a good bust of you; I always recommend him." He did recommend him, and sat to Chantrey for his own bust.

In the same year he became, moreover, the successful candidate for a statue of George III. for the City of London. He had nearly lost it, however, by a difficulty which shows how little he was then known; for when the design had been approved of by the Common Council, a member objected that the successful artist was a painter, and therefore incapable of executing the work of a sculptor. "You hear this, young man," said Sir William Curtis, "what say you—are you a painter or a sculptor?" "I live by sculpture," was the reply; and the statue now in Guildhall was entrusted to his hands. A man, it is clear, though a Michael Angelo, may have too many occupations. This was his first statue, and it is at once easy and dignified.

To give a catalogue of his works from this period is to tell the history of his life. In 1812, he exhibited busts of Johnes of Hafod, of Curran, of Stothard, and of Northcote. In 1813, a bust of Cline and six others. In 1814 busts of the King and Professor Playfair. In 1815, a bust of James Watt. In 1816, busts of the Marquess of Anglesey, Sir Everard Home, and Sir Joseph Banks. In 1817, then newly made an associate of the Royal Academy, "The Sleeping Children," (the monument now in Lichfield Cathedral,) and busts of Nollekens, Sir James Clarke, Bone the enamelist, Bird the painter, and Hookham Frere.

There is not a more exquisite group in the whole range of modern sculpture than Chantrey's Two Children, the daughters of the Rev. W. Robinson, in Lichfield Cathedral. The sisters lie asleep in each other's arms, in the most unconstrained and graceful repose. The snowdrops which the youngest had plucked are undropped from her hand, and both are images of artless beauty, and innocent and unaffected grace. Such was the press to see these children in the Exhibition that there was no getting near them; mothers, with tears in their eyes, lingered, and went away, and returned;

while Canova's now far-famed figures of Hebe and Terpsichore stood almost unnoticed by their side. There is a current report that the design for this monument was supplied by Stothard, but all the particulars of its composition have been faithfully recorded by Mr. Rhodes, the author of *Peak Scenery*. A request accompanied the commission from Mrs. Robinson, that Chantrey would see the monument, by T. Banks, R. A. to the memory of Sir Brook Boothby's daughter, in Ashbourn church, previously to making his design, as she wished to have something like it. Chantrey obeyed these directions, Mr. Rhodes being in his company; and the same evening he made, at Ashbourn, the design which, with scarcely any variation, was subsequently executed in marble.

Orders now crowded in upon him as they were never known to crowd before upon a British sculptor. But he still adhered to busts and portrait statues, and left poetic figures to hours of leisure, never, alas! to come to him. In 1816, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and an Academician in 1818. In the latter year, he exhibited a bust of John Reanne, the engineer, one of his most admirable heads; and that exquisite little statue at Woburn, of Lady Louisa Russell, the present Marchioness of Abercorn. The child stands on tiptoe, with a face of the most exquisite and arch expression, proud with delight of the dove which she fondles in her bosom. All who have been at Woburn will recollect this little figure; but the trays of the Italian boys have given it a wider, and only its deserved celebrity.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

New Books.

THE EPICURE'S ALMANACK FOR 1842.

By BENSON E. HILL, Esq.

A BAD dinner is no joke, and the want of a dinner would be a crying evil. In this little tome, the author (whom we take to be an accomplished diner-out), provides against both the above ills of life: he gives a calendar of the months, with *choice cuts*; *tables* of the various dishes in season, and a collection of receipts. Nearly every page of the book has its *sauce piquante* of jest, whim, and humour, but the author is in earnest at the same time; he is practical, and does not "dish" you out of your dinner. The Almanack portion is somewhat *à la comique*, with Cruikshank cuts. The Anniversaries are odd: thus, in "January 18, Old Twelfth-day, Sir W. Curtis, importer of turtle, died, 1829; 21—F. Quin, actor and epicure, died, 1766:" here's immortality! the head-verse is:—

"No meaner creatures, scan 'em all,

By fire their food prepare,

Man is the cocking animal,

And need be nothing wair!"

But we have "a bone to pick" with the author: in the articles in season in January, he omits sea-kale, now in perfection; the boiled turkey and *celery* sauce is a good hint, because, at this season, one sometimes sees cod-fish and oyster-sauce, and turkey and oyster sauce in the same dinner, which is not exactly *comme il faut*. We perfectly coincide in the following: "A general invitation is no invitation at all. 'Don't wait for asking,' might be interpreted, 'if you do, wait you may.'" "Pot-luck" is bad luck; "droppers-in can rarely be welcome in any properly ordered home." To be "treated as one of the family," is, sometimes, to be very ill-used. Those must be ultra-domestic, who would go out for the chance of a worse meal than they would have had at home." All this is true; and when a man says, "there is always a knife and fork for you" at his table, we consider there to be little else: the fact is, this is a species of economic hospitality which we never recognise; "words, words, words" will neither fill a bushel nor a tureen, but always indicate emptiness.

VARIETIES.

Starch.—The *New Orleans Crescent* relates that a man in that city was so much afflicted with stammering, that his physician advised him to drink a tumbler-full of starch in order to make himself clearly understood. He's so all-fired stiff now that he can't walk round a corner; and he's obliged to take out his back bone before he can take off his boots.

Snake and Kangaroo.—Governor Grey and his party, when exploring the Glenelg River in North western Australia, had their attention drawn to a curious misshapen mass, which came advancing from some bushes with a novel and uncouth motion. Mr. Lushington fired, and it fell; when, on going up to it, he found it was a small kangaroo enveloped in the folds of a large snake, a species of boa. The kangaroo was quite dead, and flattened from the pressure of the folds of the snake, which, being surprised at the disturbance it met with, was beginning to uncoil itself, when Mr. Lushington drew out a pistol and shot it through the head. It was of a brownish-yellow colour, and eight feet six inches long. The kangaroo was found to be very good eating; and the snake as great a delicacy as an eel, but rather tougher.

Agriculture in Great Britain appears to be on the decline which comes of our "manufacturing for all the world." According to the late census, in England the increase in 21 agricultural counties, considering the ridings of Yorkshire as three, has been, since 1831, only 8.40 per cent.; whilst in the remaining 21 counties it has been 17.30 per cent., or more than double that of the agricultural counties. In Wales, the disparity is still more striking: for the six most agricultural counties have increased only 5.61, whilst the least agricultural have increased 18.46 per cent., or more than threefold. In Scotland the disparity is yet greater; the increase in the 16 most agricultural counties having been only 4.02, whilst in the remaining 16 it has been 15.19 per cent., or very nearly four times the rate attained in the agricultural counties. In the 21 most agricultural counties of England the mortality from June, 1838, to June, 1839, was only 1 in 52.93, whilst in the remaining 21 counties it was 1 in 45.86.

A Poser.—The town of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe, is supplied with water by an aqueduct, the cost of constructing which, and keeping it in repair, is defrayed by a tax upon all wine and spirits actually consumed in the town. Now, supposing the good people of Santa Cruz to turn teetotallers, how would they get supplied with their pet tittle, water?

Q.—Which are the best shoes to walk home in from a party, on a wet night? *A.*—Channel pumps.

Graves of Explorers.—Governor Grey thus touchingly refers to the many explorers who die yearly in our new colonial possessions: "A strange sun shines upon their lonely graves; the foot of the wild man yet roams over them: but let us hope when civilization has spread so far, that their graves will be sacred spots; that the future settlers will sometimes shed a tear over the remains of the first explorer, and tell their children how much they are indebted to the enthusiasm, perseverance, and courage, of him who lies buried there."

A People exterminated.—A few scanty vocabularies and some mummies from Teneriffe, scattered through the cabinets of the curious in various parts of Europe, are the only existing records of the Guanches, a race which held possession of Teneriffe and the neighbouring islands on the descent of John de Betancourt, about the year 1400, and who were exterminated by the Spaniards within little more than a century after.

The British Navy, the largest in the world, consists of 590 ships of war, carrying from 1 to 120 guns each, of different calibres, which are either in ordinary or commission. Of this immense flotilla, 105 are armed steamers, for active sea-service. To man this extensive fleet, in time of peace, there are 23,000 able-bodied seamen, 2000 lads, and 14,000 royal marines, making 39,000 individuals; a number to be greatly increased in the event of war.—*Times*.

Sprats have been taken at Torquay, during the last three months, to the amount of 2,000 tons.

New Kangaroo.—There has lately been discovered in New Holland, a new species of kangaroo, among the burning sandstone rocks, where it bears the extraordinarily high temperature of 136°.

Bahia, in Brazil, has a beautiful appearance from the sea, but is a filthy place within. Even the President's house is a dirty and wretched building; though his salary is 600*l.* a year. All the burdens here are carried by slaves, as there are no carts, and the breed of horses is as small as that of ponies: there are no roads in the interior of the country, but only narrow paths through the woods. The merchants of Bahia are principally English and German; and they import our cotton goods and hardware, and manufactured goods from Germany. The nuns of the place are famed for making artificial feathers and flowers. The price of a good slave is from 90 to 100*l.*; although the slave trade has nominally been abolished.

Twelfth-day in France.—Several officers of the garrison of Valenciennes assembled on January 6th, the *Jour des Rois*, (Twelfth-day,) in order to draw for the *Roi de la Fève*. The lot fell upon a captain, who was immediately hailed as king, mounted upon a large shield, and carried to a neighbouring *café* to celebrate his inauguration by partaking of a bowl of punch.

The last of the Derwentwaters, who suffered so much in property and life for their adherence to the cause of the Stuarts, died lately at Acton Burnell, the seat of Sir Edward Smythe, in Shropshire. He had studied at Douay, whither he fled to England at the Revolution, and took shelter in the hospitable homes of the wealthy members of the Catholic faith in this country: he arrived at Acton Burnell, with other refugees, in 1793, and during the last twenty-six years had officiated as domestic chaplain to the family.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

Ice.—In the *Times* of the 12th instant, it is calculated that 800 tons of ice had been collected on the previous day from the various sources afforded by the basin of the canal near King's Cross; the principal northern dépôt for this summer luxury being in Calthorpe fields, Grays Inn Road. The ice is brought in vans, carts, and donkey trucks; and some of the carts are drawn by men, women, and children, thus affording to many individuals, a temporarily lucrative employment.

Hereford Cathedral is in so dilapidated a state as to require repairs, (including restorations,) amounting to £17,559, towards which there has already been subscribed nearly £7,000.

Charms of Music.—Warrup, a native youth of Western Australia, who lived several months as a servant to Governor Grey, once accompanied him to an amateur theatre at Perth; and when the actors came forward and sang "God save the Queen," he burst into tears. He certainly could not have comprehended the words of the song, and, therefore, must have been affected by the music alone.

Personal Feelings.—We are all, in one way or another, sensitive plants, and may all feel the rubs of unkindness, however others may give us credit for the sensibility.—*Tongue of Time*.

Emigration to Australia.—Time and interest are all worth much more in Australia than they are in England, and every one can realise upon his capital, and speculate profitably upon his intelligence, activity, and strength; for all of these he gets paid—hence but few men are willing to follow professions. Clergymen too often turn farmers and speculators, even if they do not altogether throw aside their sacred character. Medical men but rarely pursue their practice, when such remunerating fields of enterprise are laid open to them; soldiers abandon their calling; and the government-officers are all virtually farmers and stock-owners.—*Grey's Australia*.

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